

A New SONG, called
The Lover's Tragedy;
 OR,
PARENTS Cruelty.

To the Tune of, *Charon make haste and Carry me Over.*



A Virgin fam'd for her Vertue and Beauty,
 Whom by her Parents was greatly lov'd,
 To whom she paid all obedience and duty,
 never obnoxious to be reprov'd:
 A lovely Youth of Reputation
 Having her features view'd,
 Was struck with so much love and admiration,
 nothing his thoughts of her could exclude.

He to her oft did his Passion discover,
 but her consent he could not obtain:
 She answer'd, she'd not admit of a Lover,
 lest he her Parents gain'd might gain:

He to prevail, us'd all endeavours
 for to obtain her Father's consent;
 But by no means could procure their favour,
 which fill'd his heart full of discontent.

He had made many a false proposition,
 But what he offer'd they still deny'd:
 At last he in a despairing condition,
 thus on his Bed to himself he cry'd:
 Ditty my wrongs to my Parents Powers,
 hear a distressed Lover complain,
 Alas upon Earth has but very few hours,
 thus to endure a Parents disdain.

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Punish her Parents (ye Gods) for refusing
 a heart so loving, so just and true,
 Which they deserve for treberely mistaking,
 to be torment'd as bad by you;
 But may the Nymph, so fair and cruel,
 cherey Allnight Bisse enjoy,
 Sure if the languish I lye in she knoweth well,
 she with a smile would my ease destroy.

At last he grew to so weak a condition,
 that there was nothing could yield relief,
 Having the Virgin who was his Physician,
 on whom he call'd to redress his Grief.
 Faintly: Oh cruel Nymph, he cry'd,
 I now to Elizium must repair!
 When gabe a sigh or two, and so he dy'd,
 and thus he was cured of all his care.

To the fair Virgin this News was soon carried,
 which Message struck her with great surprize;
 she bowling to see him e'er he was Buried,
 whom she had slain with her killing Eyes.
 To's house she fled with expedition,
 as if by Cupids Wings convey'd,
 Looking at last in a loving Concession,
 which was the Room where his Corps was lay'd.

She to the Chamber was quickly conducted
 where in a Shroud on his Bed he lay,
 Which sight so on her unkindness reflected
 that made her sound in the Room away
 Many there came to her assistance,
 and to her several things apply'd,
 But Death against them all made such resistance
 that by the Corps of her Love she dy'd.

When this sad News came to her Parents
 both in a heavy distraction were,
 Running like mad People, crying and stanning
 for the sad loss of their Daughter slain:
 Tho' they presented their being sorry
 whilst they were living by their care,
 Yet in one Grave they together were interr'd
 this was the end of this lovely Pair.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. P.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Gun
 in Pye-corner.